For following her affaires, put in his legs,
Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Gloſt. I am ſorry for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubd nor ſtopt, Ile intreate for thee.

Kent. Pray you do not ſir, I haue watcht and trauaild hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Duke's too blame in this, twill be ill tooke.
Exit.

Kent. Good King, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt
To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnder-globe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſery, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately bene informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall finde time
From this enormious ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies, all weary and ouer-watcht,
Take vantage heauy eies not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging; Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *He ſleepes.*

Enter Edgar.

Edgar, I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilence
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elſe all my haire with knots,
And

And with preſented nakednes out-face
The winde, and perſecution of the skie,
The Country giues me proofe and preſident
Of *Bedlam* beggers, who with roring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare Armes,
Pins, wooden prickes, nailes, ſprigs of roſemary,
And with this horrible obiect from low ſeruice,
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-coates, and milles,
Sometime with lunaticke bans, ſometime with praiers
Enforce their charity, poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I nothing am.

Enter King, and a Knight.

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from hence
And not ſend backe my meſſenger.

Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was
No purpoſe of his remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee noble Maſter.

Lear. How, mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?

Foole. Ha, ha, looke, he weares crewell garters,
Horſes are tide by the heeles, dogs and beares
By the necke, munkies by the loines, and men
By the legs, when a man's ouer-luſty at legs,
hen he weares wooden neather-ſtockes.

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtook
thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe, your ſonne and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear No I ſay.

Kent. I ſay yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes they haue.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no, they durſt not do it,
They would not, could not do it, tis worſe then murder,
To do vpon reſpect ſuch violent out-rage,
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſte, which way